

21 March 1842
My dear Mrs. Norton
I am very glad to hear
of your recovery & hope
you will be able to
write soon.

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I am I write such a nice hand as you
do, my dear Mrs. Norton, you set your
thought so well as "familiar word reg." - Poor
Keats, - he was a victim to personal abuse, &
want of money to bear it - ought to have
much in that way because a few quivers told
him he was an apothecary's apprentice! -
a genius more purely poetical never existed!
in conversation he was nothing, and of any thing
weak & inconsistent - Keats was in his glory in
the fields! - the humming of the bee, the colour of
a flower, the glimmer of the sun: seemed to make
his nature tremble - his eyes became luminous
and large! - his cheek flushed! - his mouth
cleared with intensity of sensation! -
he was the most unselfish of human creatures
he cared not for himself or for others - having
no regular habits, he roamed in and ate the
regular habits of his friends, and if they
remonstrated, he was enraged. He was proud
laughing, envious, and had a fine hatred of
rank, but had a kind heart & would have
shared his fortune with any man who
deserved regard without much discrimination
of his desert - his knowledge of the Claphams
was unconsiderable, but he felt their beauty
he had an exquisite taste for humour & too
refined a notion

of the exclusiveness of female duty in attachment
to forgive a woman for feeling even the remotest
friendship for others, if she had acknowledged love
to himself - His name was among his words
decision of character & power of will, - without
decision of will, genius is a curse.
He could not bring his mind to bear on one
object, & was at the mercy of every pretty
theory. Least hints upon such would suggest
when lounging over his table, from reflection
or indolence - he had a tendency to religion
when first I knew him. - Now shall I forget
it from his mind. - Now shall I forget
Kant, once rising from his chair & approaching
my last Hittite, that was then before him
- he went before Voltaire, placed this hand
on his heart, & bowing low

In reverence done to the power of exp
Not pervert within. I have presume had infused
As Milton says of Eve after she had eaten
apple - "Not the least to whom I bend
said he, alluding to the bending of the
of the other figures, & contrasting Voltaire with
Christ! and his own adoration with the
Least hint was the great unhappiness of his
best dispositions, latterly he saw through
Hunt's weakness, & distrusted his leader

at he would not cease to visit him, because he
thought him still useful - This showed the goodness
of his heart -
He began life full of hopes, & his brother told me
recounted with pride & delight the first morning
had expected of his power - The first morning
and breakfasted with an - young, infectious,
ungovernable, & undecided spirit - He rejected the world
bore at once to his talents, and had not
intense to bear the natural imitation of
~~public~~, Envy at the undoubted proof he gave
his strength; sowed by ridicule,
he destroyed himself, & flew to dissipation
for a relief, and which for a temporary elevation
spirits plunged him to a deeper & more
irretrievable despondency - for six weeks he was re-
luctant, and to show you what a man of sense
when his passions are roused, he once or twice
covered his tongue & throat as far as he
could reach with Cayenne pepper in order to have
the delicious coolness of Claret in all its glory!
This was his own experience! - The death of his
brother wounded him deeply, and it appeared
to me from that hour he began to droop -
I went his regular visit one to the hospital and
then him, and as we were one evening walking
in a meadow, he repeated it before he had put
it to paper, in a low tremulous under tone, which
affected me extremely - He had great enthusiasm
for me, I loved for him, but he grew angry
certainly became

W. Haydon

W^m Siddons's opinion
of the head of Christ

